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PECKHAM AMATEUR MUSICAL UNION.—Seventh Concert, Saturday, February 2nd, 1861.—The following artists will appear:—Miss ELIZA HUGHES, Miss LAYFORD, Miss ANNIE C., Mr. GEORGE PERREN, Mr. PUNKES, Mr. LEONARD. Pianoforte, Miss ELLEN HENDERSON; concertina, Mr. G. H. LAKE; conductor, Mr. F. OSBORNE WILLIAMS. To commence at 7.
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Early in the Season.—An important assemblage of Violins, Tenors, and Violoncellos, the property of a well-known collector, comprising some very celebrated and well-known instruments by Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Amati, Carlo Bergonzi Maggini, Ruggerius, Gagliano, Sancto Seraphin, Vuillaume, and other eminent makers. Among them are Paganini's celebrated *Guarnerius*, known as the *Giant*; Amati's of the *grand modèle*, &c., with bows and cases.

*SALES of Music and Instruments are held generally once a Month during the Season (from November to August), for which occasions, Consignments, large or small, can be received. Books, and other literary property, or Works of Art, inserted in appropriate sales, thus affording to the owner of a few lots the same advantages as are offered to the possessor of a large collection.

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London: 18 Hanover Square.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERT.—Mr. Howard Glover's "annual monster concert" took place as usual at St. James's Hall. The most distinguished vocal and instrumental artists in London (whose names even we have not room to cite) appeared, and the hall was completely filled. Even the inclement weather, of which most people were beginning to tire, and which threatened, if it continued long, to incapacitate singers for all exercise of their talents, did not daunt the courage of those eager lovers of music whom the many attractions of the long programme had drawn from their warm firesides. The selection was the bill of fare of a perfect Lord Mayor's feast of music. There were between forty and fifty pieces, many of them instrumental performances of considerable length. And we must add, that the programme, though it presented little novelty, and consisted chiefly of things well known to the musical public, was marked throughout by taste and judgment, and displayed to the best advantage the gifts and qualities of the several performers. The hall was crowded, and the principal performances were received with warm demonstrations of approbation and pleasure. At the head of the programme appeared the names of Mr. Sims Reeves—a host in himself—and Miss Arabella Goddard. The great tenor sang with even more than his usual expression in a new ballad, "Fresh as a rose," composed expressly for this occasion by Mr. Balfie, and was enthusiastically encored. In "Adelaida" he had the advantage of being accompanied by Miss Goddard; and the fair pianist delighted the audience with her exquisite performance of Benedict's fantasia on "Where the bee sucks," and also of Thalberg's "Last rose of summer" (in obedience to the unanimous encore). The London Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Mr. Baxter, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Land and Mr. Lawler, sang two of their most effective part-songs; and Prince Galitzin conducted two sacred choral pieces, the first a composition by Bortniansky, the second by Makaroff, a Russian composer, as yet, we believe, unknown and unheard of in this country. The concert lasted nearly four hours, but yet, in spite of its great length, its chief fault was a sin of omission—not one composition by Mr. Howard Glover himself was performed. At his next we hope to hear *Comala*, *Tam o' Shanter*, or some other of the thoughtful, poetical, and musician-like productions which have proceeded from his facile pen. His only excuse for disappointing his patrons and the public generally on the present occasion (at least the only one we can think of) was probably the entire occupation of his leisure by the opera of *Ruy Blas*, to the production of which at the Royal English Opera our musical amateurs are anxiously looking forward.

Reviews.

"Schubert's *Impromptu in B flat*"—for the pianoforte, edited by CHARLES HALLE (Chappell and Co.).

THE more we know of Schubert's pianoforte music the more we wish to know. The "*Impromptu in B flat*" stands as Op. 142, and is one of the most recent of the posthumous publications. It consists of an air ingeniously varied. How refreshingly simple and unaffected is the theme may be judged from the first section, which is all we can make room for:—



Mr. Hallé's editing amounts to something more than merely inspecting the proof-sheets, the fingering inserted to every passage that stands in need of it being as useful as it is judicious.

"*Now Summer has departed*"—canzonet—words by JOHN OXENFORD, music by DUSSEK (Chappell and Co.).

Another valuable addition to the "Monday Popular Concert Library" (vocal department), and another revival which will be welcomed by every lover of good music. "*Now Summer has departed*" has been taken in hand by Mr. Sims Reeves, just as "*Name the glad day*" was taken in hand by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. So much the better for its progress (or rather *re*-progress) on the road towards popularity. Four of Dussek's canzonets, including the charming duettino, "*Thy pardon, dearest treasure,*" are now included in the "Monday Popular Concert Library." The sooner the remaining two are added the better.

"*L'Etoile du Soir*"—romance from Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*—transcribed by F. LISZT (Duncan Davison and Co.).

M. Liszt's idea of "transcription" is peculiar to himself, and the present example of its application would in all probability surprise the composer of *Tannhäuser* himself; nevertheless it accommodates itself to a certain taste of the day, which looks upon a pianoforte piece as nothing if not gymnastic. Thus the "melody," if such it may be called, from that essentially unmelodious opera, is put through the accepted ordeal, and the amateur "virtuoso" will have much ado to get hold of it glibly. It is, however, difficult even for M. Liszt to make something out of nothing, and that such has been his task in this instance may be divined from a mere glance at the theme he has had (gymnastically) to treat:—



What a difference between such tune and that of Schubert's *Impromptu*!

"*March from Tannhäuser*," arranged for the pianoforte—by FRANZ LISZT (Ashdown and Parry).

We have more than once alluded to this march as one of the most intelligible pieces in *Tannhäuser*, and further as a composition that, had it proceeded from any other pen than that of Wagner, would scarcely have excited a moment's attention. To speak plainly, the march is well and spirited enough, but does not contain an original bar. M. Liszt has led it through a series of gymnastics far more elaborate and troublesome than those to which he has submitted the romance just mentioned. The process, however, if successfully accomplished, can hardly fail to create a sort of pleasing wonder almost akin to genuine enjoyment.

"*Laxenburg*"—impromptu in B flat, for the pianoforte, performed by M. CHARLES HALLE—composed by FRANZ SCHUBERT (Ashdown and Parry).

Why "*Laxenburg*"? This is another (and a very good) edition of the same *impromptu* noticed elsewhere, as edited by M. Charles Hallé. For what reason it should, at one house, be called "*Laxenburg*," and at another house merely "*Impromptu in B flat*," perhaps Messrs. Ashdown and Parry—or rather Messrs. Chappell—or rather (Schubert being dead) M. Charles Hallé, will politely explain. "*Laxenburg*! What is "*Laxenburg*"?—a town?—a hero?—a cheese?—or an *impromptu*? Why "*Laxenburg*"? *Qu'est-ce?*

"*Impromptu in E flat*," for the pianoforte, Op. 90, No. 2, by FRANZ SCHUBERT (Ashdown and Parry).

A la bonheur! Here we have no "*Laxenburg*," but a very excellent edition of a very excellent *impromptu*, which, if our judgment may be accepted, in pure musical interest, equals two such *impromptus* as the "*Impromptu in B flat*"—"Laxenburg," or no "*Laxenburg*." This *impromptu* in E flat is worth hearing at the Monday Popular Concerts, and should ere this have elicited the attention of Mr. Arthur Chappell, who is not in the habit of letting really fine things escape him.

"*The O. D. C. Polka*"—composed (for the members of the Oxford Dramatic Club) by J. PURKESS (Charles Jefferys),—is pretty, spirited, and rhythmical.

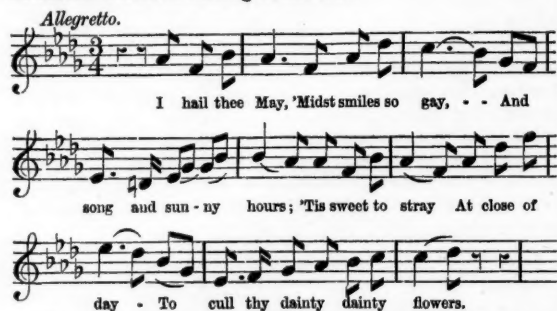
"*This World is a Garden*," comic song; "*In a leafy Garden*," ballad; composed by GEORGE LODER (Duncan Davison, and Co.).

"*This World is a Garden*" is the well-known and popular song, introduced with such invariable success by Mr. John Rouse, in Stirling Coyne's lively operetta, *The Pets of the Parterre*, in which Miss Lydia Thomson was so much and justly admired. As all our readers must have heard, and hearing, applauded it, it is enough to say that we entirely coincide with their unanimously favourable verdict. "*In a leafy Garden*," composed for that careful and promising tenor, Mr. Richard Seymour, is in a different style, and shows that the composer, Mr. George Loder (the talented conductor of the Lyceum orchestra) can give musical expression to sentiment, no less than to humour. It is graceful, well written, and last, not least, essentially vocal.

"*May*," duettino for equal voices, composed by HENRY SMART (Duncan Davison, and Co.).

Mr. Henry Smart, in this melodious and truly exquisite little duet, has, if possible, even surpassed in elegance and feeling, in tuneful phrase, and eminently *vocal* finish, the pieces so warmly eulogised in our last impression. Had we

space, we should like to quote *in extenso* the melodies allotted to each voice; but as we are circumscribed, our readers must be satisfied with an inkling of the first.



What could be more fresh, and at the same time more unpretending?

"Louise," nocturne, pour piano, composée par BRINLEY RICHARDS (Cocks and Co.).

Another—another "*Ethel*," we were almost going to say, but that the uncommon grace of that *most* graceful of romances starts up to remind us that it is not to be paralleled easily. If not another "*Ethel*," however, another "*Agnes*,"—the name which we suggested should have been assigned to Mr. Richards' most recently engraved nocturne ("*Florence*," examined two numbers since). Mr. Richards appears to have a special gift for this class of composition, and his "*Louise*" is a fit companion to the rest. Let him persevere and he will have worthily apostrophised in music all the most interesting and *womanly* heroines of modern English fiction; having done which he may bestow a glance on Sophy, Amelia, Fanny, and other bright creations of our Fielding. "*La Czarina*" mazurka de salon, par BRINLEY RICHARDS, (same publishers).—A work of a very different cast, but hardly less engaging in its way, the attraction of which is twofold, inasmuch as, if performed with correctness and precision it may serve not merely as an effective and moderately difficult show-piece, but as a spirited and insinuating accompaniment to the characteristic Polish dance which gives it a name. But—(but!) why does our South-western English BRINLEY print his title-pages in the Gallic tongue? "*Cherry Ripe*," arranged for the pianoforte, by BRINLEY RICHARDS, (same publishers). Bravo! (that's Italian by the way). "*Cherry Ripe*" sounds far better than would "*Cerise mure*," as may be judged:—

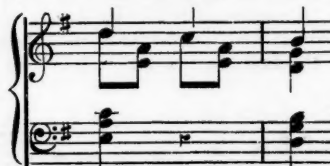
"Cerise mure! Cerise mure!
Mure! Mure! Je cri-e," &c.

Horn's delicious tune could not have been more unaffectedly and reverentially "transcribed." One objection we have to make:—



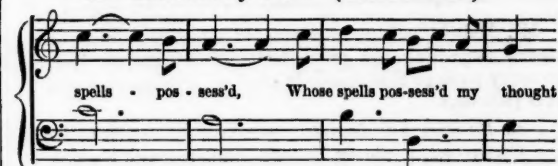
Why repeat the first phrase an octave higher? When the E is reached at bar 7, the melody is completely spoiled by the leap of an octave down again, as, on weighing this slight objection, Mr. Brinley Richards will be the very first to admit. All the rest is irreproachable.

"Thy Voice is near," song—words by Mrs. AYLMER, music by W. T. WRIGHTON (Cocks and Co.).



The "voice" of conscience will perhaps whisper to Mr. Wrighton to be more tender and complacent with the harmony of the six-four—a most useful and unoffending harmony—a very lamb of a chord.

"Away! vain dreams of pleasure," ballad—by the composer of "*The Shells of Ocean*" (Cocks and Co.).



"Away!" indeed. Vainer "dreams" of "*pleasure*" could scarcely be dreamed, unless under the influence of nightmare.

"Gentle maids, in time beware"—the Gipsy-song, adapted to Mercadante's admired *cavatina*, 'De qu'ai soavi pal-pite,' opera, *Oragi e Curiagi*, sung by Signora Freggolini, by R. ANDREWS" (J. H. Jewell).

We have transcribed the title-page *in extenso*—not à la Liszt, but *literatim et notatim*. Did Mercadante, composer of *Oragi e Curiagi*, and of the *cavatina* sung by Freggolini, ever, at any period of his career, write down such a progression as this?—



"Gentle" *adaptors*, "in time beware."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

PIANOFORTE.

AGUILAR (EMANUEL) "The birds at sunset."

GANZ (WILHELM) "Santa Lucia."

SCHLOSSER (ADOLPH) "Don Juan" (duet).

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

VIOLONCELLO AND PIANOFORTE.

THURNAM (EDWARD) "Romanza."

VOCAL.

WEINER (CARL) "Ave Maria" (quartet).

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PIANOFORTE.

THREE SKETCHES, Books 1 and 2.

; OLLIVIER.

PIANOFORTE.

SHEPPARD (S. A.) "The summer shower" and "The joy of the moon."
Ditto. "The flight of the fairies" and "The fairies return."

VOCAL.

SHEPPARD (S. A.) "The voice of the grass" (duet).
Ditto. "How sweet in the music of faith."
Ditto. "David's Consolation."
Ditto. "Now thou art gone."
S. A. H. "A happy year."
Ditto. "Remembrance."
Ditto. "An aspiration."

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent).

January 30.

EVERY one here who has anything to say to music, is eagerly looking forward to the production of *Tannhäuser*, which is to be the next novelty at the Grand Opera, and is being rehearsed with activity. Mad. Tedesco having met with a slight accident lately, it was said that we should not hear Wagner's much-talked-of opera for some time to come, but this I believe is not true. The production of the opera will not be retarded for any such cause, and may be surely looked for about the third or fourth week in February.

Verdi's new opera, *Un ballo in Maschera*, grows upon the public taste, and is received with warmer applause than on the first night. The three first acts are, however, evidently better liked than the rest of the work.

Mlle. St. Urbain, who appeared in 1857 as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, and was then particularly remarkable for singing out of tune, rather than for any distinguished aptitude for her profession, has just made an essay on the stage of the Opéra Comique in the *Fille du Régiment*. With such reminiscences as are evoked by this opera, the attempt was a bold one, but nevertheless the young artist acquitted herself better than was perhaps to be expected. In the first place, the defects of intonation observable during her Italian campaign have disappeared. Mlle. St. Urbain's voice is a soprano of pure and tolerably vibratory quality, and she sings like a musician. A great point in her favour also is, that she is still very young. From her nervousness, it was impossible to judge how far she is suited as an actress to the Opéra Comique. She sang many parts of the opera indifferently well, but was not quite up to the famous *Salut à la France*, which Cabel used to throw off with such jaunting ease and superiority.

There has been an abominably stupid little one-act produced at the Lyrique, under the title of *Astaroti*. It is all about a drunkard who has a bad dream, in which the foul fiend appears to him, and he is so frightened that he gets up, not only sober, but a model of temperance and teetotalism. The composer who has had to find fitting strains for this would not be much advantaged by the mention of his name.

We have had, and are having, some capital chamber music, notwithstanding the common opinion current in London that we are behindhand here in this particular. The Salle Pleyel, from its more social and comfortable dimensions, is the chosen arena for this branch of the art, rich in so many *chefs-d'œuvre*, and boasts of no less than three quartet societies—those headed respectively by MM. Alard, Maurin, and Armingaud. Around these distinguished leaders rallies periodically a select public, to enjoy, apart from the din and glare of the theatre and the monster concert-room, the refined pleasure afforded by the purest expression of musical art. The first concert of MM. Maurin, Chevillard, and Viguier, who devote themselves exclusively to Beethoven, and whose society was founded especially for the performances of his latest works, took place on the 17th inst. The grand trio in B flat (Op. 97), was remarkably well executed by MM. Maurin and Chevillard, with young Theodore Ritter, the pianist, whose share in the performance, however, was to a certain extent tainted by what is here called "virtuosity." The sense attached to this expression will be understood by the following excellent remarks elicited from a critic by the very performance in point:—"It is essential, in the execution of this fine work, that each should steadfastly remain within the limits of his part; it is a triumvirate in which the province of each is well defined, and he must not step out of

it on any pretext; it is in concerted music that the principle of equality should especially prevail, and M. Ritter was possessed with certain ambitious tendencies which he will do wisely to stifle." The programme terminated with the 16th quartet, in C sharp minor, which was most brilliantly played. On the following Sunday, the society, presided over by the celebrated violinist, M. Alard, and the no less celebrated M. Franchomme, the violoncellist, occupied the Pleyel room. Theirs is a sort of miniature *Société des Concerts*, and is restricted to a selection from the works of Hadyn, Mozart, and Beethoven. On Wednesday, the 23rd, on the same platform, appeared MM. Armingaud, Jacquard, Lalo, and Mas, constituting a society which has been in existence for the last six years, and was first instituted to spread a knowledge of the instrumental works of Mendelssohn, and it has so effectually accomplished its appointed task, that the name of the great composer figures in every concert programme, and Mendelssohn now holds in France the pre-eminent rank which is allotted to him in every musical country in Europe. These societies continue to enjoy the highest favour, a result which is due as much to the zeal with which they have fulfilled their original object, as to the constant desire they evince to break up hitherto untouched ground, by the production of unknown works of Bach, Schumann, and others.

The *Société des Jeunes Artistes* gave its first concert last week. This musical society holds the same position towards the Conservatoire concerts as your new Philharmonic Society does, or was intended to hold, towards the old. It is to give opportunities for the performance of works by modern and rising composers, which are only very sparingly, and with great jealousy, afforded by its elder sister. Among the pieces of this special class given, was the overture to *Ossian*, by the Danish composer, M. Gade, whose early promise has remained so singularly unfulfilled. This work was produced at the Philharmonic Concerts in London. Its coldness and deficiency of inspiration was equally observed then, as it was on the present occasion. The chorus of bacchantes, from M. Gounod's opera, *Philemon et Baucis*, which is full of warm colouring, very lively, and tolerably graceful, on the other hand obtained the honour of being re-demanded.

The sole remarkable fact in theatrical affairs, is the appearance at the Odéon, for the first time, of a new comedy in five acts, by M. Ernest Capendu, entitled *Les Frelons*. I confess a secret fear of the five-act comedies now produced at the Odéon, since the quarrels of MM. Emile Augier and Ponsard with the Théâtre Français have been made up. I thought, therefore, before venturing, I would wait to see what the critics had to say of it, particularly the candid and fearless Aristarchus I quoted in my last letter. I am sure, after his account of it, I don't mean to trouble my head about it any more; and after I have given you, at second hand, M. Alexis Rodet's judgment of this production, I am quite sure you will think me right. This is what he says:—"First of all, there is an eloquent outburst against the realism of the modern school of drama; the constant pictures of all the grovelling miseries of life; the cankering sorrows under the bright surface of society. The 'young men, hard up,' who go without a dinner to be able to wear white kid gloves at an evening party; the banker, just on the eve of failure, and who tears his hair through four acts, looking in vain for a kind friend momentarily absent; the scoundrel who gets rich by cheating speculations, and who is kicked and spurned at by other scoundrels who have been less successful in their villainies, &c. &c." After this enumeration, our critic exclaims, "In mercy let us have a little imagination—a little fancy—a little light-hearted gaiety—in mercy!" Then he predicts that a reaction must surely come, and he believes it will be so fierce and uncompromising, that at the words "figure," "money," "credit," "trade," "banking," "stock exchange," a shower of hisses will descend, and for ever banish them from the stage. Now he addresses himself to M. Capendu, who has been waiting, shivering like a culprit school-boy, well knowing that the merciful rule, "no preachings and floggings, too," will not be observed, and that the vehemence of the sermon will not preclude the severity of the castigation. Thus does he get it:—"M. Capendu has fallen into the prevalent fault of the day (a pity, after *Les faux Bonhommes*). He, too, has sought to depict an honest banker threatened with failure, and closing his ears to the dishonourable pro-

posals of a scoundrel who wants to save him. This honest banker is, by the by, quite a character in his way; he curses the friends who forsake him, and sends about his business his adopted son, who offers him three hundred thousand francs. I confess I am unable to appreciate this nice shade of delicacy. As to the *dénouement*, I shall not say what it is—you would not believe me." After this, I think I was better at home than at the Odéon, listening to the *Frelons* of M. Capendu. Hornets! indeed, the author has fallen into a nest of the worst of all ink-hornets.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

FIRST LETTER.

"*The Music of the Future; a Letter to a French Friend, as a Preface to a prose Translation (into French!) of his operatic Poems*," is the title of a pamphlet, which has recently appeared, by Richard Wagner. The object of the pamphlet is, as the author himself declares, to enlighten the Parisian art-critics with regard to his point of view as a composer, and "to dissipate a large amount of error and prejudice," in order, at the approaching representation of *Tannhäuser*, to divert the judgment of the public from "an apparently suspicious theory," wholly and solely to the work itself. As the pamphlet, which is tolerably short, contains the pith of Wagner's views, and as it is not very probable that the majority of the public has been enabled to become acquainted with them from his former long-winded books, allow me to direct, on the one hand, the attention of your readers to these views, and, on the other, to subjoin a few observations to as concise an analysis as possible of them.

Wagner's *Letter*, to all intents and purposes, is divided into two parts, although these are somewhat jumbled up together in a not inartistic manner. In the first place, it contains the author's views on the development of music, as well as his opinion of some of the greatest masters and the principal schools of national art, with, further, an explanation of his own development and present point of view. As it is not my intention to produce a new edition of the pamphlet, with marginal notes, I will take the liberty of compressing as much as possible Wagner's opinions concerning the historical portion of our art, and of then passing on to his individual point of view, although it is in the nature of things that the opinions which guide an artist in his productions are most intimately connected with those which he has adopted concerning the development of his art and the most striking specimens of it.

"Among the Greeks we know music only as the companion of dancing; the motion of the latter gave music, as well as the poem sung by the singer to a dance-tune, the laws of rhythm, which laws determined so decisively the verse and the melody, that Greek music (under which term poetry was nearly always implied) can be regarded only as dancing expressing itself in tones and words."

I willingly leave persons more learned than myself to come to an understanding with Wagner concerning these assertions. As we are told, the choruses in Greek tragedies, as well as, moreover, most of the magnificent songs of the Hellenic poets, were sung in a certain manner, and even sung with instrumental accompaniment, though this singing may have been of only a declamatory description!—if the immortal poems of the Greeks were in reality only dances expressed in tune and words, the fact presupposes a kind of dance more wonderful than all the great things antiquity has bequeathed us.

But let us return to Wagner's development. These Greek dance-tunes, he proceeds to say, were employed by Christian congregations in Divine service, after they had been stripped, on account of the solemnity of the ceremony, of their rhythmical ornamentation, and thus endowed with the character of our present choral. That such transformations were effected, at the period of the Reformation, with the popular national songs, is an undoubted fact; but it is, perhaps, less convincingly proved that the first Christians pursued the same course with the songs employed at heathen festivals. Be this, however, as it may, Wagner is guilty of a piece of injustice to the Greeks, in all other cases so highly honoured by him, when he dwells on the "uncommonly small expression in antique melody, after it had been deprived of the ornamentation of rhythm;" for the rhythm is not the ornamentation of a melody,

but a considerable part of its individuality. In the most concise manner possible (against which no objection can be made) Wagner comes to the employment of harmony and polyphony in the music of the Christian Church, and speaks in terms of enthusiastic laudation of the "highly-consecrated" (*hochgeweihten*) masters of the old Italian school. The views to which he now gives utterance concerning the further development of Italian music are, however, so incomprehensible, that we must quote them textually, in order not to cause those versed in such matters to suppose we have misunderstood our author:—

"The decadence of this art in Italy, simultaneously with the development of operatic melody on the part of the Italians, I cannot designate otherwise than as a relapse into paganism. When, with the decay of the Church, the worldly desire for the employment of music gained the upper hand among the Italians, they gratified their wish most easily by restoring to melody its original rhythmical quality, and using it for singing just as it had formerly been used for dancing. I will not here stop to notice especially the striking instances of incongruity between modern verse—developed in accordance with Christian melody—and this dance-melody imposed on it; I would merely direct your attention to the fact that this melody has nearly always been kept quite indifferent to this verse, and that, lastly, its variation-like movement has been solely dictated by the vocal *virtuoso*. But what, more than aught else, induces us to designate the development of this melody as a relapse, and not as a step in advance, is that most indisputably it could not turn to account the extraordinarily important invention of Christian music: harmony, and polyphony, which embodied it. On an harmonic foundation of such scantiness, that it can conveniently dispense with all accompaniment, Italian operatic melody, even as regards the disposition and connection of its parts, has been contented with so poor a periodical structure, that the educated musician of our own time contemplates with sorrowful astonishment this meagre and almost childish form of art, whose narrow limits condemn even the most genial composer, when he has aught to do with it, to a complete formal standstill."

In the face of this statement we read in the history of the music of the last two or three hundred years, as follows:—In the beginning of the 17th century, opera sprang up in Florence from a wish to resuscitate Greek tragedy. It was soon felt that polyphonic song, which alone prevailed at that period, as a *form of art*, and employed pretty well the same style for the Church and for poetry (in the madrigal), could not be retained, since the object in view was to exhibit, musically, events and persons, and allow them to express themselves. Hence the composer cultivated monophonic song, accompanied by instruments, both in the freest declamatory form (the recitative), and in the fixed, melodically-marked form of the aria and concerted pieces. It was thus that music began to enter on the task which one feels inclined to claim for it, nowadays, almost exclusively, namely: to be the interpreter of human passion—out of the style of the old church music, obeying the most restrictive laws of harmony and rhythm, however great results it may have effected in its way, nothing could have been produced bearing the remotest resemblance to modern music. Though from the important part assigned to the solo singer, vocal virtuosity has attained to the most objectionable abuse of its strength, and even though Italian serious opera may have long been ossified, the comic opera of the Italians (the *opera buffa*), on the other hand, laid the foundation for the entire rich development of modern music. The greatest composers, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart, have to thank the Italian school principally for the expansion of their powers. Not only would there have been no *Don Juan* without this "relapse into paganism," but we should have no sonatas by Bach, no symphony by Beethoven, and no *Tannhäuser* by Wagner. That which we nowadays term melody, and which constitutes the soul of music, could not, by any means, have been obtained without the "original rhythmical quality;" and if we owe this also to heathendom (a fact, however, anything but proved), we have reason to be more grateful to it than we imagined, even after all the treasures it has lavished upon us. As matters stand, we cannot, without being altogether unjust, deny the extraordinary, and, in the main, happy influence which the Italians have exerted upon the development of music. Even the Oratorio, which, at a later period, was raised by a certain Handel (whom Wagner passes over without naming) to importance in the history of civilisation, took its rise among the Italians; nay,

even in the domain of instrumental music, the Italians have not only given great impulses to others, but have produced considerable works themselves.

When Wagner, with daring strides, comes to speak of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, the three pillars of instrumental music, he again puts forward, with exaggerated one-sidedness, the influence of "dance-melody" upon the wonderful productions of this kind of composition. It is not to be denied that many dance-poems and rhythms are at the bottom of these productions (for the dance, to which belongs the *march*, is that *pure* music which is most intimately connected with our most primitive life-utterances); it was not, however, only the other forms of art, such as the fugue, &c., also mentioned by Wagner, but likewise the developed forms of vocal music, the employment of the orchestra in the lyric drama, and, finally, the free invention of the more considerable instrumental performers, which together constituted the base on which to raise a branch of art which is able, nowadays, to bring forth such extraordinary effects.

These effects are appreciated by Wagner according to all their mysterious strength, and he expresses the opinion that the "conventional development of languages," which scarcely any longer furnish "purely human feeling" with the organ necessary for its expression, are, perhaps, the reason that this feeling in Beethoven's instrumental music opened itself, as it were, a new road by which it might uninterruptedly flow forth. We would pass over the question of languages—a very difficult one at the present day—did it not lead Wagner to a conclusion which cannot well be given otherwise than in his own words:—

"In the face of this irrefutable recognition," he exclaims, "there can henceforth be only two modes of development open to poetry: either an entire passing-over into the domain of the Abstract, a pure combination of ideas and a representation of the world by an explanation of the logical laws of the process of thinking—and this poetry does as philosophy—or intimate blending with music, but with that music whose endless power has been laid open to us by the Beethovenian symphony."

This is pretty nearly tantamount to a death sentence on poetry, for what poetry (?) does as philosophy is no longer poetry (or is not philosophy)—while if it is confined to the blending with music, it is altogether deprived of independence, and can no longer speak as a mental art, pure and free, to our mind. This assertion of Wagner's proceeds, however, so directly from the views which most peculiarly individualise him, that the present is the proper time to pass on to those passages of his *Letter* which he has dedicated to the inward, and, although with very modest brevity, to the outward course of his development.

I am acquainted with no great composer who did not feel, in his tenderest age, attracted, almost with the force of instinct, to music, and who did not, in his earliest youth, in one way or another, by singing, playing, or composing, manifest the musical capabilities with which he was gifted. It is a very important fact, if we would understand Wagner's individuality, that matters took a completely different course with him. Although he felt a certain taste for music, and was greatly fascinated by certain productions, especially by those of Weber, it was not till later, and then, too, through poetry, especially dramatic poetry, that he came to devote himself more carefully to the study of music. He had written a tragedy, for which he wished to compose music to be played between the acts, &c., and so he took lessons in harmony and thorough-bass. The taste for composing or playing music for its own sake alone had been denied his youth. He had never, with uncritical ingenuousness buried himself in the treasures of our instrumental compositions; purely musical thought, although, at first, seldom anything else than the reproduction of what has been learnt, played, or heard, never became a habit with him. From the very commencement, he beheld in music the companion, or rather, perhaps, the higher interpreter of poetry, and, moreover, of dramatic poetry, and as soon as he had learnt sufficient to achieve "technical independence," he set about composing the music for the librettos he had written.

When he had arrived thus far, he found much to annoy him, in opera generally, as well as in the condition of the German operatic stage. It is a mournful truth, but we Germans possess no German

opera, although we have produced the greatest operatic composers. Whether it results from the still prevailing taste for what is foreign, or from the management, destitute of all national feeling, of our lyrical stage, such is the fact. A Mozart, a Beethoven, and a Weber produced half-a-dozen masterpieces; but an opera, built on a foundation of genuine patriotic thought and feeling, and developing itself full of life, such an opera as not Italy alone, but France also, possesses (in her *Opéra Comique*), entirely fails us. Every author who writes an opera-book, and every composer who sets it to music, begins, if he does not borrow French or Italian forms, with the whole structure of the work, so to speak, from the very commencement. That, on this plan, a creation of great originality now and then is produced, is quite as undeniable as that such isolated creations do not suffice to form a decided taste, or, indeed, any taste at all, and that, in the confused medley offered them, the great mass of the public must be deprived of any point of support, and any opinion.

A man of passionately artistic nature, like Wagner, must have been affected by this state of things in a doubly disagreeable manner. As musical director at various theatres, he was placed in the very midst of all these miserable doings, and compelled to busy himself, down to the minutest details, with the flattest and most rapid trash. What he says on this head will, *as far as Germany is concerned*, certainly meet with the most general assent. So many repulsive impressions did not, however, render him blind to isolated instances of what was beautiful; many of the works of Spontini and Weber, and, especially, the performances of Mad. Schröder-Devrient, filled him with enthusiasm, and prevented him from losing sight of his ideal of a dramatic-musical work of art. Greek tragedy, in its religiously poetical magnificence, was present to his mind; but it is in vain that he seeks, at the present day, for an Athenian public. He has stated his views concerning the connection between politico-social and artistic matters, in a small work, entitled *Art and Revolution*. We cannot well blame him for contenting himself, in the midst of imperial Paris, with this much, and not saying any more on the subject to his French friend.

To the attention paid by him to the Greek theatre, Wagner connects the ideas which led him to compose that one of his works which—by the title at least—is most generally known, namely, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. He sees the decadence of the Greek theatre principally in the endeavour of the various arts to be regarded as so many separate ones, instead of remaining united, and thus producing the greatest possible effect upon the stage. But was this union, to the extent Wagner attributes to it, ever found in Greek tragedy? Were the propylæa a theatre? Did Phidias work for Sophocles? Was not the magnificence of the Greek theatre merely one of the blossoms of the wonderful civilisation of the Greeks? And did it not perish, because an eternal law ordains that even what is most beautiful springs into life but to die?

No matter! At all events, Wagner is indisputably right when he attributes to the connection of certain arts a most particular collective result; not only the past but the present is continually furnishing us with proofs that, from the earliest times, every one was of this opinion. We decorate profane and religious edifices with the works of painting and sculpture; we perform music in churches; and the most intimate connection of poetry with music has been, since the very commencement of civilisation, felt to be requisite by man. Opera, too, although, according to Wagner's statement, bearing the same relation to his ideal, "as an ape to a human being"—opera, since its birth, has always kept in view this union of the arts in the connection of dramatic poetry with dancing, music, painting, and architecture. Wherein, therefore, lies "the fundamental faultiness of operatic composition," in which Wagner does not find even "prepared" the ideal of such a dramatic work of art as the greatest minds have attempted to realise? It lies, in his opinion, in the insignificance of the drama (*libretto*) offered by the poet to the musician. The poet, he tells us, found certain fixed musical forms, with which he thought he must not interfere, ready to his hand, and their restrictive power restrained him from anything in the shape of a really important creation, while not permitting, as a rule, "really great poets" to have any connection with opera. "The ideal perfection of opera is dependent on a total change of the character of the poet's participation in the work of art." The

poet himself, we are furthermore informed, must be finally conducted, by his endeavour to work more and more purely and immediately on the feelings, to the limits of his "branch of art," "and, therefore, that work must be considered by us as the poet's most successful one, which, in its last degree of completion, becomes wholly music." "The ideal subject," we are informed, "is to be found in the myth, and only the extraordinarily rich development, unknown to former centuries, to which music has attained in our day," can render possible the execution of the work of art. In this course of thought, which, however, is only implied, lie the strength and the weakness of Wagner's views.

FERDINAND HILLER.

(To be continued.)

Mlle. POCCHINI.—We are delighted to inform our readers that the rumour of the death of this accomplished danseuse is unfounded. We shall give particulars of the cause which led to the report in our next.

MR. HENRY LINCOLN.—Musical amateurs as well as professors will be delighted to hear that this accomplished musician is about to resume those lectures on musical subjects which some years ago were so deservedly and generally popular. No one before the musical world is more thoroughly fitted in every respect for the satisfactory performance of such a task than Mr. Lincoln, who, being a musician as well as a scholar, can illustrate precept by example.

CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR, QUEEN'S SQUARE.—On Sunday last Mr. Wilmot, who has obtained the situation of organist to the above church, entered upon his duties. He is totally blind, and was chosen from eighteen candidates by Mr. Turle, of Westminster Abbey, as the most efficient performer.

Birth.

On Friday, the 25th ultimo, at 2 Kidare Terrace, Westbourne Park, the wife of Desmond Ryan, Esq., of a son.

S. T. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

RE-ENGAGEMENT OF M. VIEUXTEMPS,

Who will make his Fourth Appearance at

THE TENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

WHICH WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4, 1861,

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (repeated by unanimous desire), M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI—Schubert; song, "In questa tomba secura," Miss LASCELLES—Beethoven; song, "Now summer has departed," Mme. LOUISA VINNING—Dusse; Suite de Pièces, in F major, Fugue, with pianoforte solos (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD—Handel.

PART II.—Sonata for violin, "Il trillo del Diavolo," M. VIEUXTEMPS—Tartini; song, "Come back to me," Miss LASCELLES—Henry Smart; song, "The Mermaid's Song," Mme. LOUISA VINNING—Haydn; trio, in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, M. VIEUXTEMPS, and Signor PIATTI—Mendelssohn.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully requested that such persons as may not be anxious to remain till the end of the performance will leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who are desirous of hearing the whole may do so without interruption.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; J. H. Jewell, 104 Great Russell Street; Childley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humphress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 3 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street; And CHAPPELL and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

ANOTHER Russian concert, and another great success! Whether it be the "touch of pain," which, to quote an eloquent contemporary,* is in every Russian melody; or whether it be the something new and fresh which strikes the ear and heart of every listener who is neither Russian, nor has lived in Russia, we cannot presume to decide; but certain it is that the concerts held by Prince George Galitzin in St. James's Hall, are among the most welcome and charming entertainments that, for many years, have been heard in London. The illustrious amateur, whose parent, honoured, as he deserved to be honoured, the most illustrious musician of his epoch, may fairly apply to himself the superb dictum of Cæsar, "*Veni, vidi, vici*;" for he has improvised the conquest of Great Britain quite as easily as the Roman autocrat of old, and with far more pleasant weapons. The Prince's cohorts were the sons and daughters of Euterpe, who besieged us with their voices and their instruments, and ravishing our senses, subdued us without a struggle to their harmonious despotism.

The names of Bortnianski, Lamakin, and others—but, before all, that of Glinka, "The Russian Mozart," who died at Berlin, as recently as 1857—will, if Prince Galitzin continues to sojourn and give concerts in London, soon become as much "household words" among us, as those of the gifted musical composers of other countries, with whose works we have long been familiar. *Tant mieux*. We have evidently been unjust to the Russians, not only as musical appreciators, but as musical producers. The more we know of their composers, the more we desire to know; for we feel convinced by what has already been introduced to us, that they are as genial as they are individual, and as able as they are aspiring. Prince Galitzin, in the very interesting comments that accompany his programme, cites no less than fifteen native composers for the church—besides Glinka, who was chiefly a dramatic or secular writer, and Bortnianski, almost exclusively sacred—as more or less worthy to be known.† With each and every of these, we

* "In listening to all this Russian music, we were much struck with the strain of sadness which pervades it. Almost every melody is in a minor key; and even the liveliest dance-tune has some touch of pain, which shows that there is grief in the Russian heart even in its gayest moments. We were reminded of Moore's remark on the national melody of Ireland."—*Daily News*, Jan. 31st.

† Lamakin, Dargomizsky, Tseroff, Verstovsky, Villona, Lindoff, Bachmetieff, Ignatieff, Rajenoff, Bogretzoff, Vinogradoff, Essauloff, Davidoff, Makaroff, Dechtereff, and Beresovsky.

would willingly make acquaintance. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his new and valuable book, entitled *The Russians at Home* (Chapter X.—“Operatic and other Music”), reminds us that the music of the Russian church was in esteem long since, attracting the attention during their residence in St. Petersburg and Moscow, of some of the most renowned composers of the last and the early part of the present century. With reference to Bortnianski the Prince himself, who cites the testimony of Mr. Sutherland Edwards, gives some interesting particulars, which space however will only allow us to reprint in a very condensed form:—

“Bortniansky, born in the Ukraine in 1752, was a serf. As a rule, a peasant in his position, however great his genius, would be without the necessary means and opportunities of developing it. Fortunately for himself and posterity, Bortniansky had a generous master, who sent him to Italy, where he studied under Galuppi, a composer who, as the readers of Dr. Burney may remember, was for some years musical director at the Russian Court. Galuppi went to St. Petersburg in 1766 (at which time Bortniansky was only 14), and had just returned when Dr. Burney met him at Venice. While in Italy Bortniansky devoted much attention and study to the works of Haydn, and composed operas, symphonies, sonatas, and vocal and instrumental pieces of all kinds. On his return to St. Petersburg he was appointed chorus-master to the Imperial Chapel, of which he afterwards became director, retaining that post until his death. At the Imperial Chapel Bortniansky confined himself entirely to sacred music, writing, among other pieces, thirty-six vocal cantatas, each founded on one of the *Psalms* of David, and eight ‘*Cherubim’s Songs*.’ He was replaced at the Imperial Chapel by Lvoff’s father, the father of Lvoff by Lvoff himself, while Lvoff is now making way for Lvoff’s brother. The illustrious Glinka was once associated with Lvoff in the direction of the Imperial Chapel, but only remained there a few months. It is evident that this establishment is destined to remain in the hands of the Lvoffs, and it is not surprising that it should get worse and worse every day.”

About these same Lvoffs—one of whom composed the so-called “Russian Hymn,” for which Prince Galitzin, not merely in his *Russian Quadrille* but on other occasions, invariably substitutes the far more impressive and striking melody of Glinka*—we have a few remarks to offer, which must be postponed until another occasion. Meanwhile we take leave of the Russian concerts, sincerely wishing them and their noble conductor all the success they so justly merit.

THE sharpness of winter is past, the theatres are beginning again to fill, and every one who takes an interest in such things is asking every one else (whether interested in them or not), why during the Christmas holidays, now happily at an end, all the playhouses, operatic as well as dramatic, fared so badly? According to the *Times*, half the ordinary theatrical public stayed at home, while the other half went to skate, or to see the skating, on the Serpentine. Doubtless the “skating scene” in Hyde Park had its attractions, and

by thousands would have been preferred to the *pas des patineurs* in the *Prophète*; and it must, moreover, be remembered that if “Christmas comes but once a year” (resembling in that respect a good many other annual festivals), solid, trustworthy ice comes but once in five or six. It was natural then that “Harlequin Jack Frost,” and the various open-air pantomimes in which that magician figured as presiding genius, should be the most popular of the holiday spectacles produced this Christmas.

We seldom visit dramatic theatres; but we can testify, of our own knowledge, that neither of our English opera-houses did a very flourishing business during the cold weather. One curious effect of the frost was to nip, wither, and utterly destroy two feeble, delicate plants, reared in the hothouses of Paris by that skilful operatic gardener, Victor Massé, and which it was sought to naturalise in this country. *The Marriage of Georgette*, a pale but graceful little flower, and which, when it was first shown to the public, was found to be not without freshness, enjoyed for some weeks a really brilliant existence, thanks to the affectionate and intelligent kindness with which it was tended by Miss Louisa Pyne. The Covent Garden specimen was superior, from its very simplicity, to the one afterwards exhibited in the Haymarket. *La Reine Topaze*, though Miss Parepa took it up tenderly, and sang it with care, was without perfume—which is what chiefly distinguishes natural from artificial flowers—and, though undoubtedly showy, possessed no beauty of form. Of course the late frost, which, according to the Registrar-General, killed so many delicate beings in whom the action of the heart was weak, paralysed *Topaze* and *Georgette* in no time. They are now no more. Peace to their floridities!

Man, says an amiable philosopher, is distinguished from the inferior animals by a belief in the immortality of the soul and a taste for alcoholic drinks. Is it the lofty or the low tendency of man’s nature, we wonder, that takes him to music halls? Is it the soul-elevating melody or the animal-spirit-elevating, brain-confusing, body-disturbing gin, whiskey, and brandy that he seeks in these caverns, to which true music is as much a stranger as it was to the infernal regions before they were visited by Orpheus in search of a wife? We find, to our surprise, that we have already answered our question. But, seriously, the increase in the number of these singing saloons, taverns, pot-houses, or whatever they are called, is becoming a terrible nuisance. At present we have an intelligent and respectable musical public. If the mania for Canterbury Halls lasts much longer, we shall soon have nothing but a quantity of musical “publics.”

The barbarousness of the music of Music Halls reminds us of a suggestion made to us last week, which, if it had reached us in time, we should have forwarded to the Secretary of the Musical Society of London. Mr. Walter Thornbury, artist by inclination, Spaniard, Turk, and descriptive essayist by profession, musical amateur by fits and starts, is of opinion that the instruments of semi-cultivated, and, above all, savage nations, have not been sufficiently studied; and that at the soirées of the Musical Society of London should be exhibited not only ancient harpsichords and modern gongs, but also the *balalaika* of the Russians, the *guzla* of the Slavonian provinces on the Danube, the Turkish instruments which Mr. Thornbury has himself so well described, and, last of all, though foremost in importance, the orchestral wonders of the Arabs, the Persians, the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Japanese, the natives of the islands in the Pacific, &c., &c. He is convinced that in Otaheite a new wind instrument might be found, of which the novel

* “As a conclusion to my quadrille,” says the Prince, “I have introduced the *real* Russian Hymn. The word *real* requires an explanation. The Emperor Nicholas, at the beginning of his reign, ordered the composition of a *National* Russian Hymn, for until that time, at all state ceremonials, “God save the Queen” was played. Foremost in the list of competitors appeared the names of the Colonel of Gendarmes, Lvoff, and Michael Glinka. Glinka, a composer of *conscience* and of *genius*, created a *National* Hymn, whereas Mr. Lvoff found it much more simple to *borrow* one. Glinka’s Hymn is formed out of Slavonian elements; that of Lvoff disfigured from the hymn of the ‘*Sicilian Mariners*.’ But Lvoff had the advantage over Glinka of being not only a composer but also a servant of the State, and the Emperor Nicholas thought more of what Lvoff had borrowed than of what Glinka had created. Thus we have two hymns,—one false, the other real. Glinka took a noble revenge in placing his composition at the end of his *Life for the Tsar*, and I have done myself the honour of adding it to my *Russian Quadrille*.”

timbre would throw M. Berlioz into ecstasies. Let the Musical Society and M. Berlioz also look to this.

In the meanwhile a concert of music, which possessed all the charm of novelty, though executed on perfectly well-known instruments, was given by Prince Galitzin on the 30th of last month at St. James's Hall. The programme comprised specimens of Russian popular ballads, of the melodies sung by the Moscow gipsies, and of Russian church music, together with selections from Glinka's operas, and the "Kamarinskaia," a Russian national dance-tune of the most simple character, which Glinka has harmonised in the most varied manner, in arranging it for a full orchestra. Mr. Walter Thornbury should have gone to the St. James's Hall on the 30th. It was not so far as Otaheite, and in his search for musical novelty, he might have found it more interesting.

THE public, in many instances, are but too apt to forget, with time, what benefits have been conferred on them. Distance, which "lends enchantment to the view," has quite the contrary effect on the memory of good deeds. A vague notion may be retained that something desirable has been accomplished, some real boon has been bestowed; but the mind requires to be stirred continually to keep remembrance alive, or the next breath of distrust may blow away all record of the past. How many, for example, of all those who hear and read about the Hullah Testimonial Fund, and discuss the matter, it may be, in different moods and with different feelings, can recall exactly what Mr. Hullah has done to merit the unusual demonstration which has been made in his behalf? We will waive the consideration of whether he is, or is not, the originator of the system which goes by his name, and which has had so powerful an influence in teaching the masses to sing, and overlooking the importance of the now world-famous work, *The Manual of Vocal Music*, which, though founded on Wilhem's "method," is so much superior, and has become the lesson-book to thousands of adults and children all over the kingdom, proceed to show what he has done to excite so much interest, and to make his name be sounded in every mouth.

It is something, it will be granted, to introduce singers to the public who subsequently have enrolled themselves among the popular artists of the day, and a few of whom have obtained the highest honours. Among the ladies who have come out under Mr. Hullah's direction at St. Martin's Hall, since 1850, we may specify Miss Sherrington (now Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington), Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Miss Fanny Rowland, Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Kemble, Mlle. de Villars, Mlle. Behrens, Miss Kearns, Miss Alleyne, Miss Dethridge, Miss Martin, Miss Carrodus, Miss Bradshaw, &c. Of these, Misses Banks, Palmer, Martin, Carrodus, and Bradshaw, were pupils of Mr. Hullah. The gentlemen who first made their bow to the public under his control, were Messrs. Augustus Braham, Thomas, Winn, Santley, G. Calkin, Atkinson, &c. Moreover, Mr. Hullah was the first to introduce Mr. Sims Reeves as an oratorio singer to the public, in *Judas Maccabeus*, at Exeter Hall, February 10, 1848, as he also did Mr. Weiss in *Elijah*. This is surely effecting something for the vocal art; and singers, at all events, are largely indebted to him.

Let us now see what Mr. Hullah has achieved in presenting new works, foreign and domestic, and how far he has impressed other directors in reviving compositions of eminent writers, which, but for him, might never have been heard in this country. The following have been produced at St. Martin's Hall, under his direction, since 1850:—Mr. Henry

Leslie's Festival Anthem, and Oratorio of *Immanuel*; Mr. Frank Mori's cantata, *Fridolin*; Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, and "Lauda Sion" (the same composer's 95th Psalm, and *Walpurgisnacht*, were also performed, but had been given elsewhere); Mr. Bartholomew's oratorio *The Nativity*; Herr Reinthaler's oratorio *Jephtha*; Herr Hager's oratorio *John the Baptist*; Sebastian Bach's "Credo," from the Mass in B minor; Carissimi's *Jephtha*; Mr. C. Fitzwilliam's sacred cantata, "O incomprehensible Creator;" M. Gounod's "St. Cecile" Mass, and other works, &c. &c. Mr. Hullah also introduced for the first time to a London audience, Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, which had previously been performed once in the provinces, besides performing Mr. Macfarren's *May Day*, the second act of Gluck's *Orfeo*, &c. &c. &c.

Without going into the educational question,—although, of course, that must necessarily constitute Mr. Hullah's principal claim to the testimonial—we have in the above a goodly array of benefits conferred on the art, which cannot be ignored without the charge of gross ingratitude falling on the general public. Some of the works produced by Mr. Hullah have turned out indifferent; some of the singers he has introduced may not have proved first-rate; but these are exceptions to the rule; and if we measure what he has done by results, we must accord him the highest consideration. To his countrymen, more especially, he has shown himself a real benefactor, ever ready to lend a helping hand to talent, and not always waiting for the verdict of the public, or the tribunals, before producing a work. To his countrymen, therefore, he naturally looks for a helping hand in return, in his hour of tribulation, and we are glad to say, has not looked in vain. The subscriptions to the testimonial continue to progress rapidly; the concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday was an eminent success; and it is to be hoped that the Grand Orchestral Morning Concert, to take place on Monday at the Royal English Opera, in aid of the Fund—which is given under the most distinguished patronage, and at which the very first talent in London will assist, including Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mesdames Catharine Hayes, Lemmens-Sherrington, and Laura Baxter, Mr. Lewis Thomas, MM. Charles Hallé, and Sainton, &c., with the band and chorus of the theatre, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon—may prove the crowning triumph of the Hullah demonstration.

"A ladder," writes Mr. Charles Dickens, in his article on Mr. John Hullah's classes, in *All the Year Round*, "with the Latin motto, '*Per scalam ascendimus*,' mounting by the scale (or ladder), stood over the fireplaces of St. Martin's Hall, lately destroyed by fire. The master of that hall was Mr. John Hullah, the most effectual musical reformer whose good influence has been felt by the people of England in our day, or in any day before it. His energetic hand has held the ladder by which other men have mounted; but it has been to him no ladder of fortune. Even before he was burnt out by fire the other day, he was burnt out by zeal."

To the above indirect but expressive appeal nothing can be added. The illustrious author of *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* has in a few words exhausted the whole force and gist of the argument which can be adduced in Mr. Hullah's favour. We cannot do better than leave Mr. Hullah to the eloquent pleading of Mr. C. Dickens. R.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The report which has gone abroad that Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini were engaged for the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in the ensuing season, has been contradicted by Mr. Smith, the lessee of her Majesty's, who says both Mlle. Titiens and Giuglini are engaged by him, and also the following phalanx of talent:—Mesdames Borghi-Mamo, Alboni, Lotti, Gassier, and Grisi; Signori Mario, Mongini, Belart, Gassier, Everardi, Ciampi, Vialletti.

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Jan. 26, 1861.

HERR TAUSIG, a very clever pianist-pupil of Liszt, gave a concert on Sunday, the programme of which consisted exclusively of his master's compositions. The result was not flattering to the "music of the future," which, if its reception on this occasion be any criterion, is still far beyond ("the farther the better," some one wickedly remarked,) the comprehension or appreciation of an audience of the present day. The Viennese papers do not hesitate to say that Liszt possesses no talent for composition—that he is but a servile imitator of Wagner. Whether this be right or wrong, the music performed on Sunday made no favourable impression. It was a public trial; there were others besides the bigoted disciples of Wagner present, and they regretted that Herr Tausig had not selected better means for the display of his remarkable skill.

This reminds me of a story which is just now *en vogue*. A rich tailor's wife, being at a public ball, was asked by one of the *maitres de ceremonies* why she would not dance? "The company is so very different from that to which I am accustomed," replied the lady, with an air. "Good heavens! madame," exclaimed the maitre, a witty fellow, "surely you could not expect us to be all tailors." In like manner Liszt may console his pupil, Herr Tausig, that the audience could not be expected to have been all Wagners. The comparison is somewhat odious, but let that pass.

At the Opera House, Auber's "*Des Teufels Antheil* (*La part du Diable*), and the ballet *Der Verliebte Teufel* (*Le Diable amoureux*), have been reproduced. Mlle. Liebhart was very successful in the opera, and evinced more dramatic talent than I had supposed her to possess. The ballet created a *furor*. The house was crammed, as usual, with military; even the Emperor honoured the performance with his presence. "He never comes to the opera," growled one of the singers, as she brought the *rara avis* within the focus of her lorgnette. Mlle. Couqui danced admirably. A *pas de fascination*, by this graceful *artiste*, accompanied by Helmesberger, the first violin, in a great measure compensated for the devotion of an entire evening to such a dreary amusement as a ballet at the Kärntnerthor theatre.

Plans for the New Opera House are now exhibited. They are thirty-three in number, by different architects. Of these, six have been selected by the committee of taste appointed by government, as the most worthy of consideration. Among them, one sent in by the architect of Covent Garden has a very good chance of being decided upon as the best. Architects of all countries have competed, and the designs are generally, as far as I am able to judge, very good. Nothing seems to be wanting for the erection of a magnificent theatre except the money,—and where is that to come from?

The weather has changed, and a rapid thaw set in. Great fears are felt for the safety of the Leopoldstadt, which is threatened with a deluge from the Danube. Boats are placed in the streets, and materials for the erection of impromptu bridges are to be found before every house. It is officially announced in the papers of to-day that the breaking of the ice in the upper river will be made known to the inhabitants of the imperilled Vorstadt by the firing of cannon on the Bieher Bastei. The danger seems to be imminent, and those who live or have friends in the Leopoldstadt are in the greatest anxiety.

ANTEATER.

CELEBRATION OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER'S BIRTHDAY.*

THE fifth Gesellschaft's Concert, in the Gürzenich, Cologne, on the 18th December, Carl Maria Von Weber's birthday, commenced with the overture to the *Beherrscher der Geister*, a work of the composer's youth, and which he wrote at the time he occupied the post of a *Musikdirector* at Breslau (from 1804 to 1806). It was intended for the opera of *Rübezahl*, the libretto of which was furnished by Professor Rohde. The opera was not

however, completed; we as yet know nothing of a quintet, which is said to have been printed. Although the overture is inferior to Weber's more masterly efforts in the same style, it is still a specimen of music far above mediocrity, and by the dash of its ideas and intentional contrasts, exhibits the germ of that genius which was afterwards so gloriously developed. (We, in England, are accustomed to regard the overture entitled *The Ruler of the Spirits* as one of Weber's very best.)

The next pieces contained in the programme, as proofs of Weber's importance as a pianoforte composer and player, were the *Concertstück* with band, and the E flat major rondo, Op. 62, both admirably performed by Herr Edward Franck, from Berne, formerly our fellow-townsmen. In consequence of the still lively recollection of his exertions at the Conservatory here, as well as generally in the cause of musical matters in Cologne, this gentleman was greeted with the loudest and most hearty expression of that esteem which he has gained for himself both as an artist and a man. In addition to noticing his performance at this concert, we would especially mention the high treat he afforded us at the last meeting of the Musical Society, on the 15th December, by his rendering of J. S. Bach's pianoforte concerto in D minor, in the first allegro of which he introduced a cadence that satisfied the highest requirements of art, both as regards its elevated style and masterly execution.

Between the two pianoforte pieces Mlle. Genast sang two songs by Weber, "Wenn's Kindlein süßen Schlummers Ruh?" and "Unbefangenheit." The last especially she gave in a most charming manner, the composition itself being one of the most graceful songs to be found in the exceedingly copious list of works of this description, and by its natural character far surpassing all the samples of modern affectation intended to imitate it.

The pianoforte rondo was followed by a selection from the opera of *Oberon*. After a spirited performance of the overture, Mlle. Amalie Rottmeyer, a young actress at the theatre here, spoke some verses written for the occasion by Professor L. Bischoff, the elfin chorus in F major (Introduction No. 2) being appropriately introduced. After the verses, the chorus for male voices, No. 8, the arietta, "Arabiens einsam Kind," No. 10, and the finale to the second act, beginning with the song of the mermaids, were very excellently rendered. The chorus especially distinguished itself by the precision and great delicacy with which it gave the light, fairy-like strains entrusted to it.

The second part of the concert was filled up with the music to the play of *Preciosa*, music which Weber, in a letter to one of his friends, declared he considered a worthy forerunner of his *Der Freischütz*. The first performance took place on the 14th March, 1820, in Berlin, and excited real enthusiasm, and not merely that kind of newspaper enthusiasm so popular now-a-days. The characteristic style of the music, the natural freshness of the choruses, the wonderfully beautiful melodies of the melodramatic portions and of the romances, the charming instrumentation, distinguished by a simplicity, in the means employed, not heard since Mozart, not one of all these various elements failed to produce its accustomed effect even in the concert-room, far from all the illusions of the stage. On the contrary, the audience were entranced, and worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm, especially as at no theatre probably are the choruses executed by such fresh and youthful voices as those at the command of our concert-givers.

Mlle. Rottmeyer spoke the melodramatic scenes with deep feeling, which, joined to her graceful appearance, did not fail to produce a strong impression. The poem by C. O. Sternan, explaining very successfully the action of the play, and uniting the various pieces of music into one complete whole, was delivered by Herr Laddey in an intelligent and expressive manner, enhanced by a sonorous voice.

AN ACTRESS WITH FIVE HUSBANDS.—An extraordinary case of bigamy has just been developed in Dublin. Kate Collins, a ballet dancer, who has for some time been bewitching the residents in the Irish capital, suddenly vanished, her object being to escape from the clutches of the law; the gentle Kitty being charged with marrying no less than five husbands, each of whom had been remitting her weekly sums for her support. The discovery was made by the unexpected meeting of three of the duped Benedicts at her residence.

* From the *Niederrheinische Musikzeitung*.

DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN.

NEED we inform our readers who "Dr. Mark and his Little Men" are? We trust not, or there is no significance in our front advertisement columns. The fame of the learned Teutonic Doctor and his English pupils is far spread. It has resounded in the four quarters, and has been echoed through the length and breadth of the land. What the Doctor has effected in the musical education of the youthful branches of the community in this country, has been recorded times out of mind. The highest patronage has been bestowed upon master and pupils. Her most Gracious Majesty herself, after hearing the performance of the "Little Men" at Windsor Castle, took a decided interest in their progress; and, if we are informed aright, advised their appearance in London. Acting upon this right royal hint, the Doctor undertook to exhibit his "Little Men" in a series of concerts at St. James's Hall, the first of which came off on Saturday, the 12th ultimo, and was continued through the two following weeks. Their first appearance was completely successful; and this was followed by a succession of triumphs. Dr. Mark's head-quarters are at Manchester, where he has an establishment for the reception of juveniles of musical promise, the pupils being boarded, clothed, and instructed at the expense of the Doctor, his remuneration being obtained from the proceeds of the concerts given with the more advanced students, and from the sale of musical works which he has published.

The performances of the "Little Men" must not be measured by the customary standard of criticism, but must rather be regarded as specimens of what may be done both collectively and individually, with youths who display any aptitude for music. Doubtless the cordial applause which was bestowed upon the efforts of the students, and which, we may presume, proceeds from every audience that listens to their interesting performances, will not have the baneful effect of rendering them self-satisfied, for the execution of the music is by no means free from shortcomings, and the worthy Doctor will be careful to point out to his young charges that the approbation expressed is not awarded with the same motive that would dictate the plaudits bestowed upon experienced artists. A detailed notice of the performances is not called for. It is enough to state that the "Little Men" are nearly forty in number, and that their instruments are the violin, flute, piccolo, cornet-a-pistons, saxhorn, concertina, double bass, &c., for which selections from operas and other pieces are arranged. A *pot-pourri* from *Il Trovatore*, Jullien's "Semiramide Quadrille," and a capital "Post-horn Galop," composed by Dr. Mark, were among the "Little Men's" most admirable achievements. Solos were executed by Masters E. Sturge (cornet), Osborne Sturge (violin), and Donovan (sax-bass), with considerable effect, and the extremely juvenile portion of the corps was represented by Corporal Bob Smith, Arnold, Leigh, and Kay, who gave simple melodies on the cornet, piccolo, violin, and concertina, to the extreme delight of the audience. Dr. Mark presided at the pianoforte, and a Mr. Frank Reed sang some tenor songs very pleasingly.

The success of the "Little Men" at St. James's Hall will, no doubt, have the effect of inducing the doctor to pay another artistic visit to London, when we may reckon upon his still further inoculating us with the merits of his tiny minstrels.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—A man at forty years of age is generally said to be "in the prime of life." At fifty the meridian is past, and if incipient signs of the decadence of his powers begin to manifest themselves from that date, no surprise is expressed, it is looked upon as the ordinary decay of nature, and impaired energy and lessened powers may be expected as a matter of course. Here and there we may find exceptions; but still, as a general rule, at fifty the hey-day is over, the rapid pace has settled into the steady jog-trot; from that time the speed slackens, until by and by the race is ended and the motion tops altogether. With the Monday Popular Concerts, however, the exact converse of this proposition holds good, for the series having reached the exceedingly respectable number of fifty, and being now at the ninth Concert of the third season, far from any symptoms of weakness, much less of decay are visible: each Concert seems to gain in vigour, and there is every probability that at the hundredth "Monday Popular" the strength will be as great or greater than

in the youthful days of these pleasant gatherings. Certain it is, that so long as Mr. Arthur Chappell provides such excellent fare, his patrons—not the titled few—the "oiled and curled darlings" of fame and fortune,—but the many, the really great public, who, after all, are the only real supporters to look to, will continue to fill St. James's Hall to repletion, as they did last Monday, many previous Mondays, and unquestionably will for many Mondays to come.

Those who know Mendelssohn's glorious *Ottet* in E flat for four violins, two tenors, and two violoncellos (given here for the first time in April, 1859) looked forward with pleasure to its repetition, and their anticipations were more than realised, for under the leadership of M. Vieuxtemps it was, without exception, one of the most magnificent performances ever heard. Undoubtedly one of the noblest instrumental chamber compositions in existence (although written when Mendelssohn was only fifteen years of age), its beauties are so vast and so varied that it would require far more than our limited space to attempt anything like a faint outline of their enumeration. To those who are acquainted with the work it would be idle to descant upon its merits, to those who have the misfortune not to know it, words would be equally idle to pretend to give anything like an idea of its merits. Suffice it to say then, that the execution was worthy of the music, and we have the nearest description of perfection attainable. But it would be injustice to those gentlemen who so ably conduced to this end to omit their names—and we have only to mention Messrs. Ries, Carrodus, Watson, Schreurs, Webb, Paque and Piatti, as a guarantee that our praise is not misplaced. Not content with such a superb "*pièce de résistance*," quite sufficient attraction in itself one would have thought, two novelties were also given. A sonata in D major of Clementi, played by Mr. Charles Hallé, in his most masterly style, and a sonata of Mozart in A major, not to be confounded with another sonata from the same pen in the same key but in two movements only. In this M. Vieuxtemps' violin playing was as remarkable as the pianoforte playing of Mr. Charles Hallé, and both performers retired amidst the well earned plaudits of an audience which had been already roused to such enthusiasm as to demand the repetition of the wonderful "scherzo" in the *Ottet*. We have, however, one fault to find with the concert (and after such frequent repetition of praise it is refreshing to be able to find fault sometimes):—it was too long, it being ten o'clock when the first piece in the second part had concluded, leaving then two vocal pieces and a long quartet of Beethoven to complete the programme. Music of this class requires serious and fixed attention for its thorough appreciation, and, however enthusiastic one may be, at a late hour of the evening, after listening to so much that is excellent the mind is incapable of doing justice to a great work. We therefore did not stop for the Beethoven quartet (in G major—Op. 18), although we have no doubt that it was equally well executed as all that had preceded it.

Mesdames Louisa Vinning and Laura Baxter, with Mr. Tennant divided the vocal music, the first named lady singing Mendelssohn's charming song "On Music's softest Pinion," joining Mr. Tennant in Blangini's duet "Per valli, per boschi," and Madame Baxter in Paer's "Puro ciel." The last lady also sung Henry Smart's beautiful "Estelle," with admirable expression. Mr. Tennant's solo being the "Cara imagine."

HULLAH FUND.—The audience at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening in aid of the committee of the above fund was far from being so numerous as we could have wished, or indeed expected, under the circumstances; for, apart from the excellency of the object, there was a most attractive programme which in itself should have been sufficient to command a full room. Let us hope, however, that most of the places we saw vacant were taken, and if their owners did not think fit to attend the loss was theirs. The concert was divided into three parts, the most remarkable feature in the first being M. Vieuxtemps' performance of his own *Fantasia Appassionata*, with orchestral accompaniments, consisting of an introduction, *largo*, *tema con variazioni* and *saltarello*, each movement in the highest degree characteristic, and the whole stamped with thorough originality. The whole performance was received with great enthusiasm—the entire orchestra most heartily greeted the accomplished virtuoso, and would not rest satisfied until he had returned to the platform and again bowed

his acknowledgments. Mr. Benedict's *Undine*, conducted by the composer, occupied the second part. Upon its production at Norwich Festival last year, we had occasion to speak of its merits at length, and again subsequently when it was given for the first time in London at Clara Novello's Farewell Concert. There is, therefore, no need to enlarge upon the details of this really charming work, which gains upon each hearing, and bids fair to become as popular as Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* or Mr. Macfarren's *May Day*—indeed we have already heard hinted in a reliable quarter the probability of its forming one of the principal features at the next Hereford Festival. It was a graceful act to assign the soprano and contralto parts to Miss Banks and Miss Palmer, both ladies having made their first appearance under the auspices of Mr. Hullab. Despite a little nervousness at first, Miss Banks did full justice to the music, and her liquid sympathetic voice told so well in the exquisite song, with chorus, "Mark the waves that rippling play," that an irresistible encore was the result. Miss Palmer, too, acquitted herself admirably, while Mr. Weiss fine voice and artistic style were all that could be desired, eminently contributing to the general effect. The tenor part found a most efficient representative in Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who delivered the trying *scena*, "From worldly cares," with a vigour and energy for which we were hardly prepared, and indeed sang throughout in a most finished manner. The execution of the whole cantata, or "Lyrical Legend" as it is styled, was altogether praiseworthy, and deservedly evoked the plaudits of the assembly. Two overtures, Weber's *Ruler of the Spirits*, and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*, with Meyerbeer's Coronation March from the *Prophète*, and a variety of miscellaneous vocal pieces, made up the remainder of the programme, which must not be dismissed without a special word of praise to Mad. Weiss for her very fine delivery of the great air "I will extol thee," from Herr Molique's *Abraham*—an oratorio which we hope to hear in London this season. C.

CHELSEA VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—An evening concert was given in the New Vestry Hall, King's Road, on Thursday the 24th ult., at which the following artists assisted:—Miss Julia Bleaden, Miss Jessica Howard, Miss Poole, Miss Ellen Stuart, Miss Emma Stuart, Mr. Smeaton, Mr. Tempest, Mr. Frederic Penna, vocalists; Dr. Bennett Gilbert, horn; Miss Rosa Brinsmead, pianoforte; and Mr. J. Parry Cole, pianoforte, instrumentalists. Miss Poole, as a matter of course, distinguished herself among the vocalists, singing the two Irish ballads, "Forget not your Kathleen," and "Barney O'Hea," in her most fascinating manner, and obtaining a rapturous encore in the latter. The choir gave the following part-songs:—Purcell's "In these delightful pleasant groves;" Festa's "Soon as I careless strayed;" Mr. Martin's "Our Saxon fathers," "The last Rose of Summer," and Mendelssohn's "The Lark," and were encored in the last and Mr. Martin's "Saxon fathers." They also gave Lord Mornington's glee, "Here in cool grot," so excellently as to necessitate its repetition. Miss Rosa Brinsmead created a decided sensation by her performance on the pianoforte of a German national air by Chopin, and being encored, played Weber's rondo, "Il Moto Continuo," with admirable effect. This young lady's talent must not be concealed under a bushel.

Provincial.

The provincial season just now is superlatively dull. Accounts from our correspondents and notices in the papers are of the most meagre kind. Nothing of importance has taken place recently at any of the large towns, and musical entertainment in the country seems like a ship becalmed between two seas, which, nevertheless, the next instant may float on the summit of the highest wave. No doubt touring parties are making active preparations, and will appear seasonably with spring onions and radishes throughout the length and breadth of the land. Mr. Willert Beale, above all, is plotting some tremendous musical raid, or inroad, into the heart of the kingdom, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, is furnished with some startling novelties. The sensation created by the Monday Popular Concerts in the provinces has been identical in all places, and calls imperatively for a renewal. To this, doubtless, when time serves, the Director will not be averse. At present, however, it would be difficult, even independent of the

Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall on the regular day, which could not be interfered with, to obtain the necessary executants in London, and convey them to the provinces. Our country cousins, therefore, will have to wait, however great their anxiety may be, and put up with moderate fare in the mean time.

A WINDSOR correspondent informs us that the fourth and last of the second series of the People's Concerts took place on Tuesday evening week (22nd ult.), and attracted a large audience. The vocalists were Miss St. Clair, Miss Jarrett, Mr. Dyson, and Mr. Lambert; the instrumentalists, Mr. H. Snelling, clarionet, and Mr. Goss Costard, pianist. The concert was in three compartments, like a modern iron frigate, the first and third parts being miscellaneous, the second devoted to the old masters. The directors were determined the "People" should have their money's worth. The same party subsequently gave a concert at the Town Hall of GREAT MARLOW, which appears to have been no less successful than that at Windsor.

It was rather a bold attempt at innovation, we think, to give a dramatic reading at the Saturday Concerts at the Free Trade Hall, MANCHESTER. Mr. Walter Montgomery, however, seems a special favourite in the cotton-and-hose-speculating city, and attracted an usually large attendance, we learn, to hear him read the scene from *King John* between Hubert and Prince Arthur, Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and a poem entitled "Shamus O'Brien." Mr. Walter Montgomery, it would seem, is about to make his *début* in London, and is engaged to come out at the Lyceum, which fact may be ascertained by reference to an advertisement in the *Times*, wherein it is set forth, that "Mr. Walter Montgomery has the honour to announce to his friends and the public generally that his appearance at the Royal Lyceum Theatre is unavoidably postponed." The musical part of the entertainment introduced Miss Armstrong, Mlle. Merei, Mr. Delavanti, Mr. de Jong, and the band of the 84th Regiment. Mlle. Merei obtained a loud *encore* in the ballad, "On the banks of Allan Water," and appears to have made a hit.

The *Huddersfield Examiner* gives a lengthy account of an "Organ opening," or "Inauguration," which took place last week at Lane Independent Chapel, Holmfirth. We append an extract from the notice, purposely abridged, which we consider sufficiently interesting to present to our readers:—

"The day being fine, the attendance was large, and the chapel was densely crowded in the evening, every available inch of space in the pews, aisles, and pulpit stairs being occupied. Such a scene is not often witnessed in Holmfirth, and it was most pleasing and impressive. The Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A., of Sheffield, was the preacher both afternoon and evening, and very admirable were the discourses delivered. Mr. Richard Mellor, organist at Ramsden Street Chapel, Huddersfield, presided at the organ, and was supported by an efficient staff of singers, the principals being Mrs. Hirst, Mr. T. Hinchcliffe, Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Etchells, and Mr. Gledhill. In the afternoon the recitative, Comfort ye, my people, and the air 'Every valley shall be exalted,' were sung in excellent style by Mr. Whitehead. The chorus, 'And the glory,' was delivered with great effect. The anthem, 'Judge me, O Lord' (Mozart), was also ably executed. Mr. Etchells acquitting himself ably in the 'O thou that tellest.' In the evening, the service commenced with the hymn 'Rise my soul,' set to music by Mr. Mellor. Dr. Clarke's anthem, 'O praise God in His holiness,' was admirably performed, the solo—'Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet,' being sung by Mr. Hinchcliffe, and 'Praise Him in the cymbals,' by Mrs. Hirst. Mr. Hinchcliffe also rendered 'For behold darkness,' and 'The people that walked in darkness.' The succeeding chorus, 'For unto us a child is born,' from the *Messiah*, very trying both to singers and organist, was splendidly performed. The time was accurately kept, and the delicate alternations of light and shade were marked with great precision. Mr. Whitehead sang 'Lord, what is man?' evidencing powers which cannot fail, if properly developed, to lead him to eminence. The 'Hallelujah' chorus was next given with great effect. This concluded the performances during service; but after the benediction had been pronounced, Mrs. Hirst sang 'But thou didst not leave,' and the chorus, 'Lift up your heads,' and 'Worthy is the Lamb.' This brought to a close one of the most satisfactory performances of the kind it was ever our lot to attend. The music had been rendered as only Yorkshire singers can give it, and the organist accompanied and sustained them with great ability. Immense improvements have been, in recent years, made in organs, and organ playing in certain kinds of music; but we have seldom heard Handel's glorious music so well played as on this

occasion. The most perfect understanding appeared to exist between the singers and the organist, and the result was in the highest degree satisfactory. We felt proud of the district which could furnish such thoroughly efficient performers of sacred music, and on every hand we heard the warmest eulogies pronounced on the day's proceedings. The following is a description of the instrument, which in its outward appearance harmonises well with the other parts of the chapel, and greatly improves it:—

SWELL ORGAN.	GREAT ORGAN.
Cornopean	Sesquialtra
Piccolo Flute	Fifteenth
Principal	Flute
Stop Diapason	Principal
Open Diapason	Viol di Gamba
Double Stop Diapason	Stop Diapason, Bass
	Clariabella Treble
Couplers, Swell to Great	Large Open Diapason
Great to Pedals	Small do. do.
Bourdon Pedal Pipes	

The organ does credit to its builder, and for its size is a very complete and efficient instrument. The diapasons are rich and full, and the flute remarkably clear and sweet; the viol di gamba is also a very beautiful stop. The chorus stops harmonise well, and are sufficiently brilliant without being noisy. The swell, as described above, contains six stops, which are remarkably effective.

A ST. LEONARD'S correspondent writes about the concert of Mr. W. H. Acraman and Herr Carl Deichman, which took place recently at the Assembly Room. The concert-givers were assisted by Mad. Jenny Bauer and Mr. Harold Thomas. The programme was almost entirely devoted to classical music, and furnished an unusual treat to a brilliant and numerous audience. Our correspondent is enthusiastic about the whole performances, particularly so with regard to a clever *trio*, the composition of Mr. Acraman, but is somewhat scanty of information respecting the keys and numbers of the various pieces. Signor Piatti especially is complimented for his refined and finished playing.

Accounts from an Ipswich correspondent relate that the second and third monthly series of the Wednesday and Saturday popular concerts was a great success. A selection from Professor Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, including the overture, was given, the singers being Miss Bacon, May Queen, Lover, Mr. Bowles, and Robin Hood, Mr. E. Matt. A selection was also given from Macfarren's *Robin Hood*. The third series was brought to a triumphant conclusion on Saturday evening last. The overtures were Beethoven's *Men of Prometheus*, and Auber's *Crown Diamonds*. The leading vocalist was Miss Matt. The greatest attraction, however, has been the performance of the *Messiah*. The new patent *Minima* organ by the Messrs. Stidolph of Ipswich was used. —The people's concerts are given on the same evenings as the above, and have been better attended since the return of the East Suffolk Artillery Band from Portsmouth a few weeks since. Mr. Charles Gunning, the master, is painstaking and energetic, and fully qualified for his position. He has taken the best of his own band, and the best from the First Suffolk Rifle Corps band, and formed into one good brass band. Holding the two concerts on the same evening is altogether wrong, inasmuch as those who might be disposed to attend both, are prevented. The musicians ought to come to an understanding with each other, and not allow themselves or their "art" to be made the playthings of those who care not for either.

A correspondent writes that "The directors of the Birkenhead Music Hall Company having invited architects to furnish designs for the building of a Music Hall in that town. About sixteen were sent in, and after careful examination, the directors awarded the premium of twenty guineas to one contributed under the distinctive mark of a circle within a circle, and which proved to be by Mr. Walter Scott, architect, Liverpool. The building is to be at once proceeded with under his superintendence. It is to be placed at the corner of Clough's Road and Atherton Street, and will have handsome fronts to each. The Music Hall, which is a handsome, well proportioned room, will seat 600 persons. There are capital cloak rooms with lavatories for ladies and gentlemen, four rooms for singers and musicians. An excellent supper room, forty-eight by thirty feet, with large serving room and kitchen adjoining, ticket office, hall

keeper's home, room and other convenience. The supper room will be admirably adapted for tea parties, soirées, dinners, public meetings, &c., and the Music Hall will serve for large meetings, balls, &c. The whole building will meet wants long felt in Birkenhead, and is expected to be opened by the first of November next.

Our own correspondent from LEEDS informs us that Mr. Henry Smart appeared there last Saturday to conduct Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*. The spirit infused into the whole performance roused the audience to great enthusiasm. The chorus singers, comprising one hundred members of the Leeds Madrigal Society, were in ecstasies with Mr. Smart's mode of conducting, and they followed his behest *con amore*. The principal performers were Miss Helena Walker, an excellent unpainstaking soprano; Miss Carrodus, sister of the talented violinist; Mr. Wilson, Mr. Brandon, and Mr. Spark, the latter playing the organ accompaniments in an admirable manner. Our correspondent hints that Mr. Smart will in all probability again visit Leeds shortly, to conduct a recital of *Der Freischütz*, in the Town Hall.

Our Leeds correspondent also informs us that the arrangements for the Triennial Musical Festival are fast progressing. On Saturday last Professor Bennett, the conductor elect, met the committee at the Festival Rooms, in the Town Hall, when several important matters were discussed. It was decided that the festival shall be held during the first week of September, commencing on Tuesday. There are to be four morning and three evening performances; and, on the second morning, Professor Bennett's new sacred work will be given. I have heard that this work is fast approaching completion; but its character, and the scriptural subject it illustrates, are still kept secret. It is said, however, that this latest effort of the Professor's will partake more of the cantata than the oratorio form, and that it will occupy only a portion of one morning's performance. Mr. R. S. Burton, who occupied the post of chorus-master in 1858, has been re-appointed to that office. The guarantee fund already reaches the liberal sum of 5,500*l*. For the first Leeds Festival, in 1858, it was not until June that the guarantee fund reached this amount.—Last Monday week a dress concert was given in the Town Hall, at which the only solo vocalist was Mr. Sims Reeves. He was, however, assisted by Mr. Charles Hallé and a chorus of about 200 voices. The great tenor was in the most splendid voice, and was frequently encoored, when he readily repeated his songs, thereby proving himself unfaithful to the principle of resisting such demands, which it was hoped he had fairly commenced. Mr. Hallé was likewise "drawn upon." The chorus sang several glees and part-songs excellently.

On Thursday, the 17th ult., a handsome gold watch and chain and a purse of sovereigns were presented to Mr. E. J. Spark on the occasion of his retirement from the office of choir-master at the parish church of Bury, which he had held for nine years. The rector of Bury presided on the occasion, and made the presentation on behalf of the clergy, choir, and congregation of the parish church.

The annual meeting of the members of the LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Society was held on Wednesday in the Cotton Sales-room Exchange Buildings, Mr. Cruttenden presiding. The annual statement of accounts was accepted as satisfactory, and the report showed that the taste for music was spreading rapidly in the city. The committee for the year was appointed, and the number of concerts and charges for admission were fixed.

The *Edinburgh Courier* furnishes us with an account of the thirteenth Saturday Evening Concert, at which Miss Clari Fraser and Mr. George Buckland sang. The lady introduced the popular song of "Huntingtower"—one of her most excellent achievements—with admirable effect. She also sang "My mother bids me bind my hair," and, with Mr. Buckland, the "Singing Lesson" duet by Fioravanti. All three were loudly encoored.

From the *Glasgow Daily Herald* of the 21st of January we learn that, notwithstanding the rainy weather at the last Saturday Concert, the City Hall was inconveniently crowded, the great attractions being Mr. and Mad. Weiss and Miss H. Kirk. "Mr. Weiss's splendid vocal powers," writes our contemporary, "need not be criticised here, as they are very well known and appreciated; suffice it to say that, by his magnificent vocalisation, he fully ingratiated himself with a Glasgow audience. Mad. Weiss's fine

soprano voice was heard in the most piano parts of the songs at every corner of the hall. 'Angels ever bright and fair' was admirably sung by her, as also the soprano part of the 'Chough and Crow,' 'Meeting of the Waters,' 'Rataplan,' and 'Bonnie Prince Charlie.' Miss Helen Kirk's singing continues to delight the audience, and, in conjunction with Mr. and Mad. Weiss, her success was brilliant. Mr. Banks presided at the piano, and Mr. Lambeth performed on the grand organ in his usual first-class manner."

Mr. and Mad. Weiss also assisted at a concert on the 22nd at DUNDEE, in the Corn Exchange Hall, of which the *Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser*, gives rather an original account. "We need not say," writes the critic of that journal, "the performances were first class, for the artists were so." In the same strain we have the artists called to task or eulogised. We learn that the airs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and 'Angels ever bright and fair,' are sung by Mad. Weiss "in a style different from that in which these solos are usually given." Mark the why!—

"The difference lay chiefly in the excessive use of the crescendo and diminuendo, which the complete command which she possesses of the vocal organ enables Mad. Weiss to excel in. This, however, like every other excellence, may be misused, and the great contrasts its constant use creates are apt to detract from the grandeur of the subject and the magnificent simplicity of Handel's "setting" by the undue display of the individual abilities of the artist. In a word, Mad. Weiss's singing of these pieces was faulty in its being *too fine*."!

In a word, the writing of this notice is faulty in its being *too fine*. But poor Mlle. Bertha Brousil receives a terrible castigation from the classical *stylum* of the severe journalist for daring to play a fantasia on the fiddle;—

"In the first part Mlle. Bertha played an *andante* movement to the satisfaction of all her audience, and was deservedly recalled, when she gave—what?—ye spirits of Handel and Haydn hear it not?—"Il Carnavale" *a la Paganini*. This is to be regretted, for the bad taste shown in playing such musical trash amongst the masterpieces preceding and following it was not a little shocking to the musical taste. Besides, Mlle. Bertha should be above condescending to charlatanism—the leading feature of our modern school of instrumental solo playing. She does not require to do so, for her talents are far too good to be so prostituted. Let her leave such buffoonery to mere India-rubber finger clowns of the day whose whole aim is to catch the penny. Her course is upwards in the region of art, where all is pure, lovely, and genuine. We have no wish to be unkind, but when we see such talent as Mlle. Bertha's drawn into the vortex of sham and claptrap, we must give a word of warning at the risk of inflicting pain. If our best artists are so to forget their legitimate calling, we can see the ultimate triumph of the false over the real, a result the fair performer is bound to do all she can to avert, as well for the art as for herself as an artist."

The same party appeared at ARBROATH on the 25th, and we believe the same critic accompanied them. Hear the *Arbroath Guide* again, in re Mlle. Bertha Brousil:—"Miss Bertha Brousil's music is as charming as ever, and the elegance of her bowing is only second to the beautiful notes she extracts from her Cremona." The writer must wind up his remarks with an æsthetic sentence:—"Now that good music is shown to be well patronised in Arbroath," he propounds, "we trust Mr. Methven (the concert-giver) will not forget to include our town in his arrangements of the circuit of the leading artists he may hereafter engage." The writer, nevertheless, does every justice to the singing of Mr. and Mad. Weiss, who were encored in everything they sang.

A correspondent from DUBLIN sends us a detailed notice of the concert of the Ancient Concert Society, upon which he bestows unqualified praise. The features of the programme were Mr. Benedict's cantata, *Undine*, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*. Both were received with unbounded applause. The principal singers were Miss Palmer, Miss Julia Cruise, Mr. R. Smith, and Mr. Cumming. The *Evening Mail* pronounces the concert worthy the best days of the society.

We learn from a DUBLIN paper, that Mad. Catherine Hayes is about to make a tour through Ireland. The date of her visit to Dublin will be about the 19th of February. She will be accompanied by an efficient party—Miss Lascelles, contralto; Mr. Tennant, tenor; Signor Burdini, bass; Herr Becker, violinist. M. Francisco Berger accompanies the party as conductor. Mad.

Hayes and party will visit in succession Kilkenny, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Belfast, Armagh, Ballymena, Derry, Enniskillen, and Galway.

From the *Limerick Chronicle* of January 26th we gather that Mad. Rudersdorff and her party were giving a series of Italian operas in the city famed for its girls, its gloves, and its gallantry. M. Durand, it would appear, with a courage not to be over-estimated, had undertaken the part of the hero, a trifle out of his line; and Mad. Rudersdorff, of course, sustained the part of Donna Anna. Of some of the other characters we are permitted to form our own conjectures, since all we are informed of two of the leading personages is, that "Signor Tito Palmieri and M. Morelle were accorded the merit due to their talent and ability." *Martha* was also given, and Signor Palmieri's singing of "M' appari" is spoken of in raptures. No doubt he is much improved since he left the Crystal Palace. On Saturday, the 25th, Mad. Rudersdorff took her benefit, and selected the *Traviata*. The opera was a great success, or, as the Hibernian journalist has it, "the performance was first-rate from an enraptured assemblage."

HOBART TOWN.—The long expected Italian Opera Company arrived in Hobart Town, from Launceston, and opened a short campaign at the Theatre Royal, on the evening of the 22nd ultimo. The company consisted of Signor and Signora Bianchi, M. Paltzer, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, Messrs. J. Gregg, Megson, and Winterbottom, the well-known bassoon-player. They remained only a week, and although they introduced, and well performed, some of the choicest works of the modern lyric drama, they were not patronised so liberally as they deserved to be.—*Hobart Town Mercury Puff*, Nov. 22.

ROME.—You were lately informed of the demonstration that took place at the Apollo Theatre each night that the *Trovatore* was performed, when the chorus of soldiers sang about "*la nostra bandiera*." The lines in question are sung twice in the commencement of the third act, and each time there was a short but vehement burst of applause from the audience. This could do very little harm; it might have been considered puerile and silly, were it not that such small means are all that are left to the Romans whereby to signify their dislike of their present rulers, and their adherence to the national cause. It certainly was not worth the interference of the executive, but the nature and habits of the Papal Government are essentially meddling and vexatious. A few nights ago, by order of a certain Pasqualone, who is chief policeman under Monsignore Matteucci, the twelve police inspectors, or commissaries, of the twelve *riioni*, or districts, into which, Rome is divided, went to the theatre, each one of them accompanied by a sergeant in plain clothes, to observe the demonstration. An unfortunate Jew, named Gratiano Piperno, who was there with his wife, was arrested and sent to prison, where he is to remain, according to the reply reported to have been given by one of the chief *sbirri* to a question on the subject, until Victor Emmanuel shall come to release him. Let us hope, and not for the sake of the poor Israelite alone, that his deliverance may not be long delayed. Meanwhile, a family of eight persons, dependent for support on some small traffic he carried on, may beg or starve. It is reported that other arrests were made, and this is possible, and even probable, for such things are of frequent occurrence here; but I have no positive information of them. Fifteen young men who were at the theatre that night were prohibited, under pains and penalties, from returning thither. The demonstration has been discontinued.

THE KING AND THE DANCER.—The municipality of Turin being anxious to present King Victor Emmanuel with a gold circlet, and Italian jewellers being unable to get one ready in time, a Jew presented himself, and offered them a magnificent diadem for 250*l*. His offer was accepted, and the money paid; but lo! the discovery was afterwards made that the circlet in question had been bought at the sale of the effects of Fanny Elsler, the celebrated *dansuse*, and, as proved by an inscription inside, that it was given to her after a performance in London, by an Englishman, who was a fanatical admirer of her dancing.

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